

The second part of

Hostesse Master Phang, haue you entred the action?

Phang It is entred.

Host. Wheres your yecoman? ist a lusty yecoman? wil a stand too't?

Phang Sirra, wheres Snare?

Host. O Lord I, good master Snare.

Snare Here, here.

Phang Snare, we must arest sir Iohn Falstaffe.

Host. Yea good master Snare, I haue entred him and all.

Snare It may chaunce cost some of vs our liues, for he will stabbe.

Host. Alas the day, take heed of him, he stabd me in mine owne house, most beastly in good faith, a cares not what mischief he does, if his weapon be out, he will soyne like any diuell, he will spare neither man, woman, nor child.

Phang If I can close with him, I care not for his thrust.

Host. No nor I neither, Ile be at your elbow.

Phang And I but fist him once, and a come but within my view.

Host. I am vndone by his going, I warrant you, hees an infinitiue thing vppon my score, good maister Phang holde him sure, good master Snare let him not scape, a comes continually to Pie corner (sauing your manhoods) to buy a saddle, and he is indited to dinner to the Lubbers head in Lumbert streete to master Smooths the silk man, I pray you since my exion is entred, and my case so openly knowne to the worlde, let him be brought in to his answer, a hundred marke is a long one, for a poore lone woman to beare, and I haue borne, and borne, and borne, and haue bin subd off, and subd off, and subd off, from this day to that day, that it is a shame to be thought on, there is no honesty in such dealing, vnlesse a woman should be made an asse, and a beast, to beare every knaues wrong: yonder he comes, and that arrant malmie-nose knaue Bardolfe with him, do your offices, do your offices master Phag, & master Snare, do me, do me, do me your offices.

Enter sir Iohn, and Bardolfe, and the boy.

Falst.

Henry the fourth.

Falst. How now, whose mare's dead? whats the matter?

Phang I arrest you at the sute of mistris *Quickly.*

Falst. Away varlets, draw Bardolfe, cut me off the villaines head, throw the queane in the channell.

Host. Throw me in the channell? Ile throw thee in the channell, wilt thou, wilt thou, thou bastardy rogue, murder, murder, a thou honisuckle villaine, wilt thou kill Gods officers and the Kings? a thou honiseed rogue, thou art a honiseed, a man queller, and a woman queller.

Falst. Keepe them off Bardolfe.

Offic. A reskew, a reskew.

Host. Good people bring a reskew or two, thou wot, wot thou, thou wot, wot ta, do do thou rogue, do thou hempseed.

Boy Away you scullian, you rampallian, you fustilarian, ile tickle your catastrophe.

Enter Lord chiefe iustice and his men.

Lord What is the matter? keepe the peace here, ho.

Hostesse Good my lord be good to me, I beseech you stand to me.

Lord How now sir Iohn, what are you brawling here? Doth this become your place, your time, and businesse? You should haue bin well on your way to Yorke: Stand from him fellow, wherefore hang'st thou vpon him.

Host. O my most worshipful Lord, and't please your grace I am a poore widdow of Eastcheape, and he is arrested at my sute.

Lord For what summe?

Host. It is more then for some my Lord, it is for al I haue, he hath eaten me out of house and home, he hath put all my substance into that fat belly of his, but I wil haue some of it out againe, or I wil ride thee a nights like the mare.

Falst. I think I am aslike to ride the mare if I haue any vantage of ground to get vp.

Lord How comes this sir Iohn? what man of good temper would endure this tempest of exclamation, are you not ashamed to inforce a poore widdow, to so rough a course to come

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